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AN

IMPROVED EDITION

OF THE

SONGS

IN THE BURLETTA OF

MIDAS,

ADAPTED TO

THE TIMES.

——— "inducere *Plumas*
Undique collatis *Membris*."

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

[Entered at STATIONERS' HALL.]

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

SONGS, &c.

SCENE I.

The Curtain riſing, diſcovers the Queen's Cabinet Council ſeated at Buckingham Houſe, in full Aſſembly. They addreſs her Majeſty in Chorus, accompanied by all the Inſtruments.

Chorus of all the Ex-Miniſters.

AIR I.

GEORGE in his chair,
By his Popiſh fair,
With his nods,
Men and Gods
Thinks to awe;
But let Will
Shew a bill,
On our rights
Throw ſome lights,
He'll tremble at the law.

Cock of the ſchool,
Tho' Dick and Charley's tool,
Of Buff and Blue the taw.
Even Pitt,
Tho' ſo fit
By his wit,
Muſt ſoon quit,
And make room for men of ſtraw.
But Parliament
With one conſent,
Will force them to withdraw.

AIR

AIR II.

SCENE. *A Dreſſing Room at Kew.*

The Q——N *and* PR——E *of* W——S.

THINK not, lewd Son,
That your mother's undone,
Becauſe you're by raſcals applauded;
By all that is light,
Charlotte will have her right,
Nor be of dues Royal defrauded.

I'll worry the hearts
Of your buff and blue ſmarts,
And ſtir up my Pitt to oppoſe them;
My wavering friends
I will baulk of their ends,
Or into Rats metamorphoſe them.

AIR III.

SCENE—*Carleton Houſe.*

The CHANCELLOR *and* P—— *of* W——S.

BE by your friends adviſed,
Too raſh, too haſty lad,
The world, ſpite of your wiſe head,
Will *alſo* think *you* mad.

Then what a fate attends you,
If Willis, 'ſtead of Fox,
Your tutor is, and ſends you
To Kew, without your locks.

AIR IV.

SCENE. *A private Cloſet in Carleton Houſe.*

P—— *of* W——, *and Dr.* W——N.

P——E.

I.

SINCE you mean to hire for ſervice,
Come and join the buff and blue;
You can help to bring us notice
Of whate'er is done at Kew.

II.

You muſt not diſpute for wages,
For I have not much to give;
But if you could gain the Pages,
We might all in ſplendour live.

III.

Join with me, and when all's over,
When I am a King indeed,
You and your's ſhall live in clover;
You'll be double, triple feed.

Dr. W——N.

IV.

Come, ſtrike hands, I take your offer,
With young Pitt I ſhould fare worſe,
For tho' he'd accept my proffer,
Not a doit would he diſburſe.

PR——E. Do, ſtrike hands; 'tis kind I offer,
Dr. WARREN. I ſtrike hands, and take your offer,
PR——E. With young Pitt you would fare worſe.
Dr. WARREN. With young Pitt I ſhould fare worſe.
PR——E. For, tho' he'd accept your proffer,
Dr. WARREN. For, tho' he'd accept my proffer,
PR——E. Not a doit would he diſburſe.
Dr. WARREN. Not a doit would he diſburſe.

Exeunt, dancing and ſinging.

AIR

AIR V.

SCENE—*Downing Street.*

Mr. PITT *and Mr.* ROSE.

I.

BURKE is known
To miſchief prone,
And ſo is Sheridan, Sir;
But the head
That moſt I dread,
Is that of Carlo Khan, Sir:
For he will drink
Until he blink,
Yet talk like any man, Sir.

II.

Silly boys
The rogue decoys,
From duty to their mother;
Pleas'd to find
The P——nce ſo blind,
He tampers with his brother:
But ere 'tis long,
The wicked throng
Will fight with one another.

AIR VI.

SCENE—*The Committee Room at the Houſe of Commons.* Dr. Willis *under Examination*; Burke *very violent.*

Mr. PITT *ſings.*

Pray, Edmund, pleaſe to moderate the rancour
of your tongue,
Why will you thus my doctor dear deſpiſe?
Remember that your judgement's weak, and fits
of paſſion ſtrong,
May ſoon make you become his prize.
Ply him,
Try him,
But do not deny him,
That he can
Make you quite calm,
By looking in your eyes!

AIR VII.

SCENE—*The Palace at Kew.*

Trio *of the* QUEEN, P—— OF W——, *and* PRINCESSES.

PRINCESSES.

Ah! ah!
Mamma!
Mamma, how can you be ſo hard-hearted
To the gentle P— of Wales?
Ah, ſure! tho' you he has thwarted,
He's the beſt of all your males.

Q——N.

Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account!

P—— OF W——.

Mother, ceaſe to teaze and vex me,
I, my father's throne will mount.

AIR

AIR VIII.

SCENE—*An Eating Room at Carleton Houſe.*

P— OF W— *ſings, ſeated between* GEO. H——R *and* CAPT. M——S.

Hour—Midnight.

Shall a country put, not fit to wipe my ſhoes,
Dare my amours controul?
Shall the *Prince* of *Wales* not have a right to chooſe
His wife for Goodman *Rolle?*
No—I'll ſend him to the Tower;
I'll teach him how to prate
Of the actions of the great;
And when I'm in the height of pow'r,
I'll ſeize on his eſtate.

AIR IX.

SCENE—*A Cabin in the* "Pegaſe," *with Hammocks*, &c.

Prince WILLIAM HENRY *is diſcovered, ſitting at a Table, with a Tankard, Pipes, and Tobacco before him.* WOWSKI *aſleep near him.*

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY *ſings.*

Frederic wenches and drinks;
George in his ſtation ſo high,
Is but a fool if he thinks,
That he's as happy as I.
Charley ſchools him
And rules him,
And leads his Highneſs a weary life.
I have a beauty
Tho' ſooty,
I'd not exchange for his merry wife.
She will fluſter
And bluſter
Becauſe ſhe a Ducheſs will never be;
But my pet,
Black as jet,
Needs not title, nor houſe, nor annuity.

AIR

AIR X.

SCENE—*Palace at Kew.*

MADAME SCHWELLENBERG *ſings.*

ALL around in council how they ſit,
Hit,
Fit,
To have turned out Pitt!
Routing,
Scouting,
At you pouting,
Jeering,
Sneering,
At the loyal cit.
There is old Queenſbury ſmirks like a bad
Lad,
Glad
That the *King* is *mad!*
Waiting,
Prating,
While Burke rating,
Uſes the mother as he did the dad.

AIR

AIR XI.

SCENE—*The Club at Brookes's. Faro Table laid.*

CHARLES FOX *ſings.*

SURE I ſhall run with impatience diſtracted,
To ſee my purpoſes thus counteracted!
When I get up to expreſs my vexation,
Pitt on his legs takes the oppoſite ſtation.
With theſe reſtrictions
My pow'r is curtail'd;
Sure ſuch afflictions
No man e'er bewail'd.
As for the Queen and her orator Pitt, Sir,
They've a fine game, but we ſoon will be quit, Sir.

AIR XII.

SCENE—*A certain White Houſe in Pall Mall.*

Mrs. FITZHERBERT *ſings.*

I.

HE's as looſe a drunken fellow,
As e'er paid his court to me:
But I ne'er ſhall wear the willow,
For no longer is he free.

II.

Tho' my rival caſt a hawk's eye,
I defy what ſhe may do;
He can't wed the little doxy,
He has won and wed me too.

III.

Back to France they ſay he'll ſend me,
But I vow I will not go;
Nym and Bardolph both befriend me,
Falſtaff only is my foe.

AIR XIII.

SCENE—*The Houſe of Lords. The Commons attending.*

The REGENT,

Seated in his Chair of State, ſings.

Houſe of Lords, aſſuage my anguiſh,
Houſe of Commons, eaſe my pain!
Longer do not let me languiſh,
One kind bill will make me reign.

(*Apart, winking to* Sheridan.)
Did you know the buck that courts you,
He, perhaps, might ſue in vain;
Prince of ſong, of dance, of ſports—you
Soon will wiſh for Dad again.

AIR XIV.

SCENE *continues.*

Both Houſes of Parliament in Chorus.

We know you caper and modulate prettily,
And are not wanting in beauty and grace;
And that your counſellors ſpeechify wittily,
But their proceedings are ſhabby and baſe.

And Burke ſo noiſy, ſo rude, and ſo violent,
With his Teague's voice, has ſo broguiſh a tone,
That if you'll baniſh them when you are made Regent,
You may count on all the votes as your own.

AIR XV.

SCENE—*The Drawing Room at St. James's.*

Ducheſſes of GORDON *and* DEVONSHIRE *meet at the Enquiries.*

D—ss *of* G—N. My Buff and Blue Ducheſs, what think you that Fox
Will keep his place maugre the fall of the ſtocks?

D—ss *of* D—SHIRE.—And do you, my Scotch woman, fancy that Pitt
Will e'er on the Treaſury Bench again ſit?

D—ss *of* G—N.—Fox we'll chace,

D—ss *of* D—SHIRE.—Pitt out of place.

Both. I ſoon ſhall have to condole with your Grace.

D—ss *of* G.—Your canvaſſing talents you ſoon will employ,
And many a freeman with kiſſes decoy.

D—ss *of* D.—Your ſuppers and balls have too often prevail'd,
With half-ſtarving members, when coaxing has fail'd.

D——ss *of* G.—Fox we'll uncaſe,

D——ss *of* D.—Vile race!

Both.—I'll humble the vanity of your Grace.

D——ss *of* G.—Ma'am, your aſſurance,

D——ss *of* D.—And, Ma'am, your high airs,

D——ss *of* G.—Muſt ceaſe with the influence—

D——ss *of* D.—Of the back ſtairs.

D——ss *of* G.—No more of theſe freedoms, my lady, I beg,

D——ss *of* D.—The Pittite's conceit muſt be lower'd a peg.

D——ss *of* G.—Poor ſpite!

D——ss *of* D.—Pride hurt!

D——ss *of* G.—Words trite!

D——ss *of* D.—Rare flirt!

D——ss *of* G.—You ſhew your fine teeth, but you never will bite;

D——ss *of* D.—Your Billy will ſoon be reduc'd to his ſhirt.

[*Exeunt, ſcolding.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

AIR I.

SCENE—*The Ducheſs of* RUTLAND'S *Houſe in Albemarle Street.*

Ducheſs of RUTLAND *ſings.*

I.

O what pleaſures would abound,
Could my Billy keep his ground!
Charles and Sheridan,
Burke the merryman,
I would baniſh to Lob's pound.

II.

O how happy ſhould I be,
Would the Regent think like me!
And for madam Fitz,
And ſuch naughty chits,
I would drown them in the ſea!

AIR

AIR II.

SCENE—*Mrs.* FITZ——T's *Houſe in Pall Mall.*

Mrs. FITZ——T *ſings.*

NE'ER will I be left in the lurch,
For I am your honeſt rib,
Although we were not wed in church;
If this you deny, you fib.
Th' apprehenſion
Of Rolle's intention,
Hath made you mention
To me a penſion;
But, Sir, I ſpurn it,
And will return it,
Or elſe will burn it,
And you may learn it
In a newſpaper ſquib.

AIR III.

SCENE—*The Treaſury.*

ROSE *and* STEELE *attending,*

PITT *ſings,*

If to George's ſtrong box,
The Regent and Fox
Steal ſlily the treaſure to plunder;
In Court I'll attack 'em,
Though Loughborough back 'em,
My courage ſhall make the world wonder.

II.

To the Prince, if he ſtumble,
I'll fail not to grumble,
Whatever diſgrace may befal me;
With truth I'll o'erbear him,
With law I'll enſnare him,
And force the wild youth to recal me.

AIR IV.

SCENE—*Carleton Houſe Gardens.*

Mrs. FITZ——T *ſings.*

In his Royal attirement,
His charms brighter ſhine;
And his firſt ſpeech, as Regent,
Was downright divine.
But the ſtation,
That the nation
To me doth decree,
If miſtreſs,
My diſtreſs
Prodigious will be.

AIR V.

SCENE—*Carleton Houſe. The Council Chamber. The Cabinet ſitting.*

P——E *ſings.*—Maſter Will,
And his Regency Bill,
I wiſh they were ſunk in the ocean.

Fox *ſings.* — If you'll command
The venal band,
I'll venture to hazard the motion.

BURKE.—And I'll have a fling,
And make his ears ring;
SHERIDAN. And I all his gibes will repay him.
I'll taunt!
F—X. I'll vaunt!
B—KE. I'll flaunt!
PR—E. I'll daunt!
ALL. And I'll warrant the Houſe will betray him.

The

The PR—E. —For all his cheats,
And popular feats,
My right to circumſcribe, Sir,
A ſcheme I'll try
To make him fly,
And ſpare nor oath nor bribe, Sir.
Arraigned he ſhall be
Of treaſon to me,
B—KE.—And I with abuſe will diſmay him.
I'll rant,
SH—N. I'll cant,
F—X. I'll pant,
P——E. I'll grant,
ALL. And I warrant the Houſe will betray him.

AIR

AIR VI.

Dialogue between a PITTITE *and a* RAT.

SCENE—*The Houſe of Commons; behind the Speaker's Chair.*

PITTITE.—Have the Dukes in Piccadilly
Coax'd you to abandon Billy?
Or are you become a rat,
'Cauſe your heart goes pit-a-pat
For the love of a Foxite filly?

II.

RAT. Can a member pretend to be wiſe,
Who the offers of friends will deſpiſe;
Who, when miniſters can't ſtand,
And changes are at hand,
Will not leave them for thoſe that riſe?

PITTITE. You're a mercenary grub.

RAT. You are fool'd by an artful ſcrub,
Your betters you ſnub.

PIT-

PITTITE. Who will lend me a club
This inſolent hireling to drub?
You're a mercenary grub.
RAT. You are fool'd by an artful ſcrub,
PITTITE. Who will meet with many a rub.
RAT. Who's a mere whipt ſyllabub.
PITTITE. A guinea for a club.
RAT. A tale of a tub!
PITTITE. This muckworm to drub.
RAT. But my noble cub,
PITTITE. Since he does not mind a ſnub,
RAT. Will me his champion dub.

AIR

AIR VII.

SCENE—CHARLES FOX's *Houſe in St. James's Street. A back Room.*

FOX, SHERIDAN, *and* BURKE *are diſcovered ſitting at a Table.*

DUCK BURKE *attending without the door as Council.*

FOX. Sure you'll not endeavour
To diſſever
From our favour,
The great Saviour
Of Britain's riches
In Oriental climes.

BURKE. Yes, I will detect him!

FOX. They'll protect him,
And direct him.

BURKE. You'll reject him.

FOX. I reſpect him.

BURKE. You'll neglect him.

SHERIDAN. But I'll accuſe him
Of two dozen crimes.

FOX. When did he injure you,
That you're thus ſpiteful?

BURKE. He turn'd out Will Burke,
And 'twould be delightful,
To bring him on his knees,
Or to get his rupees,
That I may befriend him.

FOX. You he will never bribe,
For he has got a ſcribe,
That can well defend him.

BURKE and SHERIDAN. What care we for his defence!
He ſhan't prove his innocence.

FOX. He'll try, he'll try;
I will no hand have in this vile proceeding.

SHERIDAN. But if your heart I melt with Cheyt
Sing bleeding?

FOX. Well, if you can ſhew cauſe,
And, if by Britiſh laws,
He can be indicted:
I then, perhaps, may join;
But, with your taking coin
I am not delighted.

BURKE and SHERIDAN. Oh! leave that affair to us!
We are not ſo ſcrupulous.

FOX. Oh! fye. Oh! fye.

AIR VIII.

SCENE—*York Houſe—after Dinner, Bottles and Glaſſes, &c.*

PRINCE *ſings.*

WHAT a deviliſh ado,
Before I am appointed!
Tory you, and Whig you,
Until I am anointed.
To the Rats that vote with me,
I cannot give preferment;
For they've clipp'd in committee
The Powers of the Regent.

CHORUS *of* RATS.
Sixteen at a Time.

O judicious, ſober, Regent!
Who ſhall oppoſe our ſober Regent!

AIR IX.

Scene continues at York Houſe.

The Company drunk.

PRINCE *ſings.*

I'M given to underſtand that you are playing all a game,
And trying whether Pitt or Fox ſhall govern in my name;
Now I tell you once for all, that neither Fox nor Pitt's the man,
But the object of my choice is Richard Brinſley Sheridan.

CHORUS *of* RATS.

Oh judicious, ſober, Regent!
Who ſhall oppoſe our ſober Regent!

AIR X.

SCENE—*The Preſence Chamber at St. James's.*

The REGENT *in a Chair of State, and the two Houſes of Parliament bringing up Addreſſes.*

PRINCE *ſings.*

Now I'm ſeated,
I'll be treated
Like my Daddy on his Throne;
In my preſence,
Scoundrel Peaſants
Shall not call their votes their own.
My beheſt is,
He who beſt is,
Muſt be miniſterial chief;
Dick ſhall be,
Mon cher ami,
But Pitt I'll baniſh like a thief.

CHORUS.

O! judicious, ſober Regent!
Who ſhall oppoſe our ſober Regent!

AIR XI.

Scene continues, with Miniſters, Rats, Beef-Eaters, and Attendants.

PRINCE *ſings.*

I.

WHAT means all this pother about Pitt or Fox,
Diſputing to keep the key of my ſtrong box?
Too long I've been plagued by th' immaculate droll,
And therefore I baniſh him, toll de roll loll.

II.

Maria a dozen long months me deny'd,
And ſwore ſhe would never be aught but my bride;
Yet only one friend did this lady extol,
When mention'd in Parliament, toll de roll loll.

III.

My friends are a medley, a chance medley race,
All ſtart in full cry to obtain a good place;
But Dick for his ſpeeches in praiſe of my Moll,
I'll recompenſe laviſhly, toll de roll loll.

At preſent I'm forc'd to give ſmiles for rewards,
As I have no money, and cannot make Lords ;
But patience—I'll even be with Pitt and Rolle ;
For Daddy is mortal ;——ſo toll de roll loll.

AIR XII.

SCENE—*A Dreſſing Room at Mrs.* FITZ——T's, *in Pall Mall.*—REGENT *kneels and ſings. Mrs.* FITZ——T *weeping. Miniſters attending wtihout.*

AH! happy hours how fleeting,
Ye danc'd on down away,
When my ſoft vows repeating,
On your fat lap I lay!
But from your charms when ſunder'd,
As Rollo's threats preſage;
Each hour will ſeem a hundred,
Each day appear an age.

[*The Miniſters form two Ranks, while* SHERIDAN *crowns him with Myrtle. Doors then thrown open.*]

CHORUS *of New* MINISTERS *and* RATS.

See, triumphant ſits the heir,
Crown'd with ivy, void of care!
Exil'd Pitt ſhall wander far,
Or return unto the bar;
While with echoing ſhouts of praiſe,
We the Regent's glory raiſe.

AIR

AIR XIII.

SCENE—*The Court in Gala.*

QUEEN, *in deep Mourning.*

REGENT *in his Robes of State, ſings.*

No, 'tis not a ſham,
But a Regent I am,
Duke of Corn——ll, and heir to the realm;
For the ſcurvy decree,
That you paſt againſt me,
You no longer ſhall ſtay at the helm. (*To Pitt*)

II.

Thou, a meddling Old Queen, (*To Her M—y.*)
Full of envy and ſpleen,
To Mecklenburgh ſoon ſhall return;
Thy Pitt in diſgrace,
Muſt abandon his place,
And reſpect for his betters ſhall learn.

III.

Be firſt Lord—your eſtate [*To Sheridan.*
You will ſoon recreate,
When you get the ſtrong cheſts of my Dad;
Be happy, while I
To my widow do fly,
And rejoice that the K—g is ſo mad!

IV.

To the bright God of day,
Let us dance, ſing, and play,
Clap hands every laſs with her lad;
Now critics lie ſnug,
Not a hiſs, groan, or ſhrug;
Remember the poet is mad.

FINIS.